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THE
PROVINCE OF ULSTER

BY

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DANIEL LEWIS.

TO MY ULSTER FRIENDS.

PREFACE.

At the meeting of the Alumni Association of Alfred University, Alfred, New York, held during Commencement week, 1895, an annual course of Alumni Lectures was established. The following pages are essentially one of those lectures delivered by the Author, at Alfred, December 19th, 1895.

252 Madison Ave.,
New York.

D. L.

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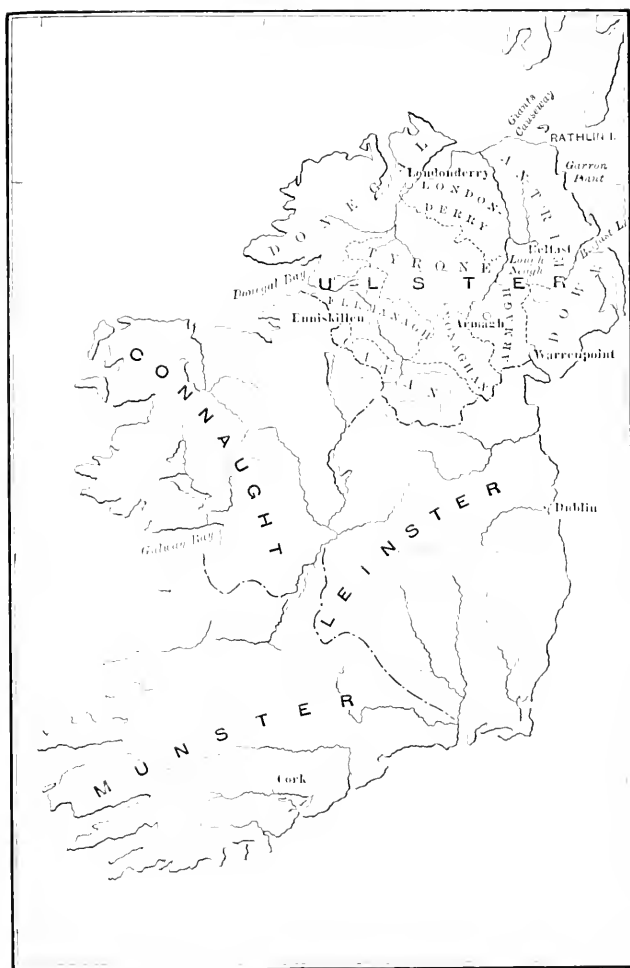
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MAP OF IRELAND.
SHOWING THE COUNTIES OF ULSTER.

THE PROVINCE OF ULSTER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE inflexible loyalty of Ulster to the Unionist cause during the prolonged struggle for so-called Irish Home Rule, is one of the striking features of English politics. There is no doubt that the determined opposition of the people of this province exerted a potent influence in the overthrow of the Liberal government at the last election, not so much by their threat of armed resistance to an Irish parliament as by the irresistible force of their conservatism.

America is so closely allied to Great Britain, both socially and commercially, that any great crisis in either country immediately disturbs the tranquility of the other in a marked degree, and for this reason the Irish question is one of especial interest to us.

We are natural allies of any state which is struggling for freedom, and have been sympathizers with Ireland without a careful study, as it appears to me, of the real bearing of the question upon international relations, or of the motives of

those agitators who have championed the scheme for a Dublin parliament. It has been my privilege, during several visits to Ireland, to become acquainted with the physical characters of Ulster, and to know her people, to observe their customs, habits and characteristics. The study of the development of this people of the north, from the ancient days of paganism through the various stages to their present commanding position, has been undertaken that we may more clearly appreciate the intensity of their opposition to "Home Rule," and the sources of their influence upon the present and future destiny of the Irish nation.

CHAPTER I.

AREA — DIVISION INTO PROVINCES — THE ANTRIM COAST — RATHLIN ISLAND—THE RIVER LAGAN — LOUGH NEAGH AND ITS LEGENDS.

THE Province of Ulster has a total area of 5,483,208 acres, 161,628 of which are covered by the loughs, large rivers and tideways which diversify its surface. This area comprises about one-fourth of Ireland, and lies chiefly between the 54th and 55th parallels of latitude, and the 6th and 8th degrees of longitude. Its population is nearly 2,000,000, or over one-third of the entire population of the island.

The division of Ireland into provinces dates back to the ancient days of the five sons of Dela, who were descendants of noted chiefs of that period. They divided it into five provinces: Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and the two Munsters, one of the five sons assuming to rule over each province.

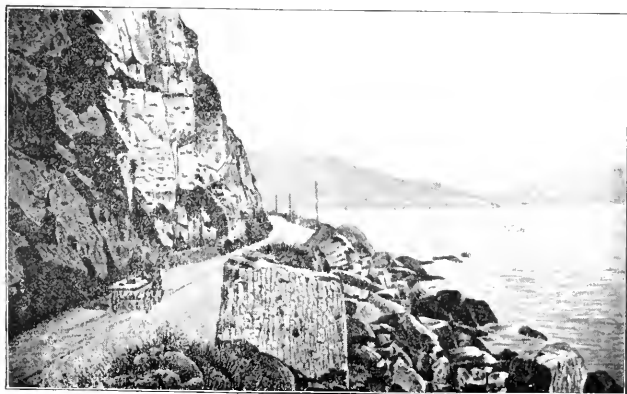
The division of Ireland into counties is of Anglo-Norman and English origin, Sir John Parrott, about Anno Domini, 1584, dividing Ulster into seven counties as follows: Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone, Coleraine (now County Derry), Donegal, Fermanagh and



CARRICK-A-REE BRIDGE.

Cavan, the other two Ulster counties, Antrim and Down, having been previously constituted.

Each of these northern counties of Ulster possesses a charming variety of coast, mountain and lake scenery, which renders the entire district one of the most beautiful in the British Kingdom. The mountains and rugged coast of County Donegal are the first to greet the eye of the tourist by the Glasgow steamers from New York. Thence, after passing Malin Head, the most northerly promontory of Ireland, we pass along the coast of County Antrim, from the Giant's Causeway to the famous islet of Carrick-a-Rede, with the flying rope bridge nearly a hundred feet above the sea, which connects it with the main land.



ANTRIM COAST NEAR LARNE.

The next notable point is the promontory of Fair Head, which rises five hundred feet above the sea, and bears upon its broad plateau, Dhu Lough, or the Black Lake, and Loch-na-Cranagh, in the centre of which reposes a small island, which tradition tells us was built by the Druids, and used by them for the celebration of their religious ceremonies.

About five miles from the shore off Fair Head, is Rathlin Island, which is visible from every point along the Antrim coast. It is three by five miles in extent. The almost perpendicular cliffs of limestone, of which the island is composed, are visible at a great distance when the sky is clear, and when the mists, which often prevail in this latitude, rest upon the sea, it is completely hidden from view. The rapidity with which the island alternately appears and fades from the sight of those on the shore, doubtless suggested the legend which the following old Irish verses beautifully describe:

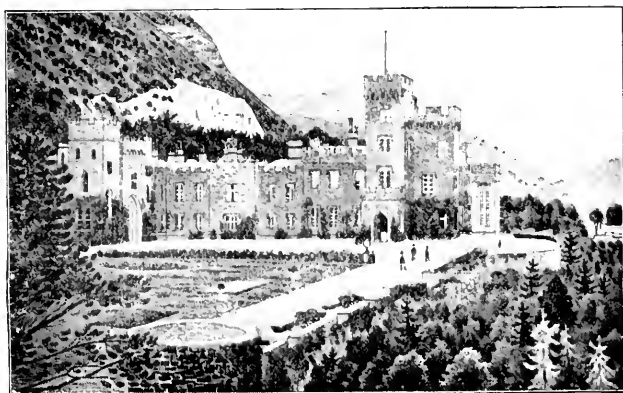
“ To Rathlin’s Isle I chanced to sail
 When summer breezes softly blew,
 And there I heard so sweet a tale,
 That oft I wished it could be true.
 They said, at eve, when rude winds **sleep**,
 And hushed is every turbid swell,
 A mermaid rises from the deep
 And sweetly tunes her magic shell

And while she plays, rick, dell and cave
 In dying falls the sound retains,
 As if some choral spirits gave
 Their aid to swell her witching strains.
 Then summoned by that dulcet note,
 Uprising to th' admiring view,
 A fairy island seems to float,
 With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
 All on this fairy isle are seen ;
 And waving trees, and shady bowers,
 With more than mortal verdure green.
 And as it moves, the western sky
 Glows with a thousand varying rays ;
 And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
 Seems like a golden flood of blaze.

They also say if earth or stone
 From verdant Erin's hallowed land,
 Were on this magic island thrown,
 Forever fixed it then would stand.
 But, when for this, some little boat
 In silence ventures from the shore,
 The mermaid sinks—hushed is the note,
 The fairy isle is seen no more.

A few miles beyond Fair Head is Garron Tower, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, standing upon an enormous mass of chalk and basaltic rock, with the mountain of Knockare, rising to a height of 1170 feet, for a background. This castle, said to have been built in imitation of Windsor Castle, was constructed from the native rock, during the great famine in Ireland, for the purpose of furnishing employment to the suffering people. It is a structure almost unrivaled for picturesque beauty of location, as it commands an unusual view of the sea, and the distant shores of Scotland are clearly visible from its terraces.



GARRON TOWER.

From Garron Tower the shore is varied and beautiful until we reach Larne, a small seaport town at the mouth of Belfast Lough, at the head of which, 24 miles distant, is the city of Belfast.

The trip along the coast road from the Causeway to Larne is very interesting. The highway was constructed by the government, and for the most part closely follows the sea line, now passing around the foot of a towering cliff, again by a tunnel through a rocky headland, or over picturesque glens and mountain streams by viaducts of solid masonry.

The eastern, or County Down coast, is of the same general character as that of County Antrim, and the route from Newcastle south to Carlingford Lough, and Warrenpoint at its head, with the Mourne mountains closely guarding the shore throughout the entire distance, is one of unusual interest, rivaling the famous scenery of Wales, or the Highlands of Scotland. By these Mourne mountains on the east, the Donegal range on the western shore, and the Tyrone mountains extending through the central portion of Ulster in a southerly direction from Londonderry, the province is divided into two great valleys, in which are to be found all the natural advantages, which the most fertile countries in any part of the world can supply, for a great and prosperous population. In the eastern portion, the river Lagan rises among the glens at the base of the range, forming a small stream which is not naviga-

ble, but with its course leading through the highly cultivated farm lands of County Down, has been compared to the upper Thames, whose beauty has been so often described in song and story. The Lagan empties into the head of Belfast Lough. The Upper Bann, another small stream from the same source wends its way in a more westerly course, and empties into Lough Neagh, the largest fresh water lake in Ireland, having an area of 153 square miles. As the Lough rests here in its great beauty, it is hard to realize the fact that the Danish vessels once invaded its waters through the Lower Bann, which connects the lake with the sea at Coleraine on the north coast. To-day you may watch its rippling surface for hours without seeing a single token of the bustle and life of the great city of Belfast, which lies just on the other side of Cave Hill. To me the solitude of Lough Neagh is almost pathetic when we recall its ancient history, its legends of romance and valor, and view its ivy-covered ruins telling of thrift and luxury long since departed. The story is still repeated of a battle between Irish and Scotch giants, and how one of the Irish combatants seized here a handful of earth, and hurled it at his antagonist on the Scottish shore. It fell short of the mark, and landing in the sea, formed what is now known as the Isle of Man, which they say is exactly the size and shape of Lough Neagh. A peasant woman brought her bucket to a flowing well for

water, and leaving it there overlong, it overflowed until the great excavation was filled with water, as it has remained until the present day. Another legend places a town in its silvery depths, which Thomas Moore has immortalized in his ode entitled,

“LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.”

“ Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red-Branch knights to danger ;
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining ;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Then, sighing, look through the wave of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.”

Another legend attributes its origin to a volcanic eruption where the Lough “broke forth,” as the historian expressed it. This is said to have occurred 3,506 years before Christ. It is also said that Brisal O'Neill, king of Ulster in the year 161 of the Christian era, was drowned in Lough Neagh. When the sad tidings were brought to his devoted wife Nora, she suddenly died of grief, and the tale of her faithful love has become a lasting consecration of the waters which are the grave of her royal husband.

CHAPTER II.

LOUGH ERNE — LEGEND OF THE LOUGH — COUNTY TYRONE—ARMAGH, THE GARDEN OF IRELAND—THE GEOLOGY OF ULSTER—GOLD—IRISH PEARLS—LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF ULSTER.

LOUGH ERNE is another beautiful lake situated in County Fermanagh in the southwestern portion of Ulster. It is forty miles long and eight miles wide, and contains 3,700 acres. It is filled with islands, and what is known as Lower Lough Erne is in the midst of delightful scenery, which is often described as the Windermere of Ireland.

Here, as at Lough Neagh, legendary lore is richly interwoven with history of the efforts to subjugate the ancient race who peopled this district.

It is said that where the Lough now lies, once stood a village, and near it was a well upon which a devout priest bestowed his benediction, and thus imparted healing properties to its waters. Vast numbers of people made pilgrimages thereto, and were cured. It was decreed by the priest, however, that if any one lifted the flat stone which covered

the well, so as to allow the light of day to shine into its depths, its blessed properties would be lost, and instead of being a spring of life and health, death would overwhelm those who came to seek its benefits. Poetic fancy has portrayed the legend in the following verses, giving the fate of one of the unfortunate pilgrims, and accounting also for the presence here of the Lough itself :

* * * * * * *

“ Where ripples now that silver lake,
 A busy hamlet once was seen ;
 Near yonder wild and tangled brake,
 The village spire adorned the green.

* * * * * *

When midnight's silence reigned around,
 And all was darksome, lone and drear,
 A hasty footstep press'd the ground,
 And to the holy well drew near,
 A fair, a young, and widow'd wife,
 The parent of a drooping boy,
 One draught she sought to save his life,
 She raised the stone with trembling joy ;
 When lo ! an infant's feeble cries
 The night wind wafted to her ear ;
 ‘ O holy saint, my Gilbert dies ’
 She shrieked in agonizing fear.

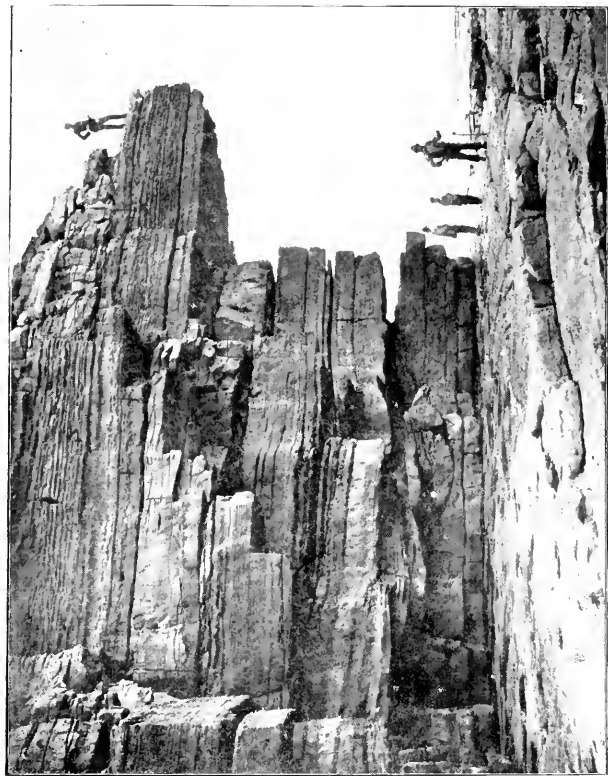
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O fatal haste, remembrance late,
 Beneath, around, the waters gushed ;
 Vainly she strove to fly from fate,
 Destruction yawned where'er she rushed,
 And while in hopeless love she wept,
 While yet the unconscious infant smiled,
 A ruthless wave, which o'er them swept,
 Entombed the parent and the child.

No longer now the waters gushed,
 You might have heard the softest breath,
 All was around so calm, so hushed,
 Hush'd in the stillness of death.
 Where late so active man had been,
 Fate had decreed his toil should cease ;
 O'er hamlet, spire, and village green,
 Erne's limpid waters rolled in peace.

* * * * *

The softest gale that murmurs by,
 The purest wave that ripples here,
 That zephyr wafts the mother's sigh,
 That wave contains the parent's tear.
 Her mournful vigil must she keep,
 Still at the midnight hour's return
 And still her fatal fondness weep
 While flow thy crystal waves, Lough Erne."



MUCKROSS HEAD—COUNTY DONEGAL.

From Lough Erne in the south, northward to Derry, and eastward to the western shore of Lough Neagh, lies the great agricultural county of Tyrone, which with its broad plateaus and valleys and numerous rivers and streams and thickly shaded glens, is a district unsurpassed for delightful scenery as well as adaptability to all farming industries. The same is true of the country around the ancient city of Armagh, which, from its high degree of cultivation, is often described as the garden of Ireland. In passing through these counties just before the harvest last summer, the great fields of ripening grain, the orchards and substantial abodes of the prosperous farmers, and the evidence of thrift and prosperity on every hand, reminded us of the rich valleys of the Genesee and the Mohawk in our own Empire State.

The geological characters of Ulster, as well as the other provinces of Ireland, are varied and interesting. The great beds of shale at Bundoran on Donegal Bay at the mouth of the river Erne are filled with fossil remains, mostly zoöphytes. From this sea-washed bed of shale, high and rugged cliffs of gneiss are projected, and interspersed here and there with mica, slate, and carboniferous limestone, which form the greater part of the coast from Donegal to Warrenpoint.

On the plains are found great deposits of drift with peat moss and fresh water marl, and anthracite

coal is found in some portions, although perhaps not in sufficient quantities for mining, but it is believed that the deposits of soft coal are enormous. Most of the coal used in Ireland is still brought from the English mines, but the peat which is so generally distributed is still commonly used for fuel in the rural districts. I was surprised to learn that it is not a cheap fuel, a good quality costing the consumer from 4 to 8 shillings (\$1 to \$2) per cart load, delivered at the farm house. This peat only lacks the force of great rock pressure to render it coal instead of the quickly consumed and smoke evolving combustible which it is. Gold has been found in County Antrim, and some other portions of Ulster, but not as yet in paying quantities. At Omagh in Tyrone numbers of men thronged the station platform with collections of native pearls, which seemed to be of a fair quality. Iron ore is also found in Tyrone, and with all the other mineral wealth of Ireland, it seems incredible that capital has so long neglected the development of these industries, especially coal and iron, which would be such an incalculable addition to the wealth and prosperity of the people. With the opening up of the coal beds, which are known to be extensive, the development of all the other mining industries would flourish. The shipping of coal for fuel from England to Belfast with Lough Neagh almost washing the Tyrone coal beds, seems as reprehensible as the proverbial



FARM SCENE—COUNTY TYRONE.

carrying of coals to Newcastle, or shipping wheat from Chicago to Minneapolis. If British capital continues to neglect the rich mineral deposits of Ulster, it will be surprising if Yankee enterprise and capital do not some day improve the opportunity.

With all the charming variety of lake, river and woodland we have described, the north of Ireland naturally attracted many adventurers from continental countries. The legendary history of the early ages, narrate that a band of African pirates called Formorians, landed upon Tory Island, there built a castle from whence invasions were made against the Parthalonians, who came from Greece A. M. 2,520, and took up their abode on the little island of Inish-Samer in the river Erne near Ballyshannon. The descendants of this colony after 300 years, were nearly all destroyed by a plague, and were succeeded A. M. 2,850 by the Nemedians who made war upon the pirates of the north, destroyed the castle upon Tory Island, but unmindful of the rising tide, the remnant of their army was overwhelmed in the sea. The next colonization was by the Firbolgs, A. M. 3,266, who also came from Greece, and then were followed A. M. 3,303 by the Dedannans, also Greeks, and noted for their skill in magic. They burned their ships as soon as they had landed, enshrouded themselves in a magic mist, and thus unobserved, finally met, and after a four days' battle, wrested Ireland from the Firbolgs, and

became the masters of the island. These Dedannans in subsequent ages were deified and became fairies, whom the ancient Irish worshipped. The Milesians succeeded them A. M. 3,500 after a prolonged sojourn in various countries, having, it is said, been in Egypt when Pharaoh's hosts were drowned in the Red Sea. They finally sailed from Spain to Ireland in thirty ships. These were at first commanded by eight brothers, all of whom, with the exception of Eber-Finn and Eremon, perished before the long pilgrimage was finished, in a furious tempest raised by the magicians or Dedannans, whom they defeated in battle, however, and a nephew of the brothers, Eber by name, was given Ulster as his portion of the realm. From this time onward there was, according to tradition, constant warfare between Eber, king of Ulster, and the chiefs of the other provinces, until all the Pagan Kings of Ireland either fell in battle, or at the hands of the assassin. Nearly three hundred years before the Christian Era, Macha then king of Ulster, built a royal palace near Armagh, which for six centuries continued to be the residence of the Ulster kings, and to-day its ruins, which the storms of fifteen centuries have not altogether swept away, are still pointed out to the traveler.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY—THE BATTLE OF ENNISKILLEN—
CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE—ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-
PLACE—EARLY EDUCATION—HIS MISSION TO IRE-
LAND—BURIAL PLACE AT DOWNPATRICK.

ALTHOUGH the history of these Ulster people, and of all Ireland, is one of absorbing interest, and renders the entire island a most fascinating study for the antiquarian, it is rather to the events which more directly bear upon modern Ulster that we invite attention. The established principle of social evolution that the stronger race, tribe, or clan, will finally gain supremacy, has been demonstrated in the history of Ulster down to the present day. No benighted people have ever suffered as continuous and fierce assaults from invaders as the inhabitants of Ireland, from the time of the first landing of the Danes, A. D. 795, through the bloody period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, and all the dreary years of alternating hope and despair down to the time of Henry VIII., who was the first English monarch to assume the title of King of Ireland. It is a noted fact that the fiercest battles were those for religious supremacy, and some of these

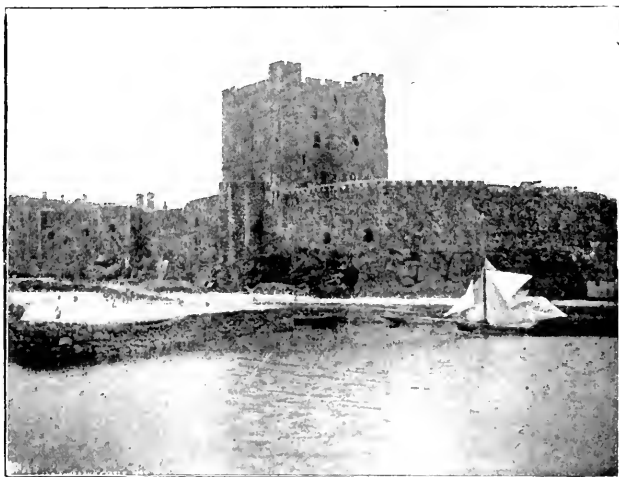
were so important in their influence upon the character and fortunes of modern Ulster as to demand special mention, notably the siege of Derry and the battle of Enniskillen. The siege of Londonderry was commenced April 18th, 1689. The city had been in the hands of the Protestants from the time of Cromwell (1649). It was built upon the west shore of Lough Foyle, and strongly fortified, which rendered its subjugation difficult. The task of its capture was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton by Tirconnell, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and as such, desirous of securing the country to James II., who was a Roman Catholic. The governor of Derry, at the commencement of the siege, was Colonel Lundy, who wished to surrender to Hamilton, but the gates were closed by the people themselves, and so great was the unpopularity of the governor, that he at last stealthily escaped over the wall at night, and from that moment the zealous inhabitants took charge of the defence. Their most efficient leader was the Rev. George Walker, a Protestant clergyman, who so inspired the people to resistance that throughout the entire siege of 105 days, in the midst of daily fighting, resulting in great loss of life—with supplies so nearly exhausted that horses, dogs, grease and garbage of every description were the only articles of food obtainable, no thought of surrender seems to have been entertained by this sturdy hero of the church. Even the women often

stood upon the ramparts handing ammunition to the citizen soldiers, and hurling all sorts of missiles down upon the heads of the besiegers. Finally, when their supply of ammunition had been exhausted, this hungry, ragged and yet devoted band of defenders of their faith still refused to open the gates, and would have perished had not relief come from Major-General Kirke, who, with a fleet of thirty ships, had remained in the lough below for forty-six days trying to summon up sufficient courage to attempt their rescue.

It is worthy of special mention that Kirke has in a measure escaped the obloquy which his course merited. But history has rendered the fame of Rev. George Walker immortal. Upon the walls of Derry, which are still preserved, near the very spot where the anxious lookouts watched and waited, praying for Kirke to move in their behalf, a grateful people has erected an enduring column to commemorate the heroism of Walker, and there it will remain as long as the love of freedom of religious worship, and reverence for the principles of justice and humanity shall continue to characterize the loyal people of Ulster. On the same day that Derry won its victory, the garrison at Enniskillen in County Fermanagh, which had been equally determined in its resistance to the soldiers of King James, although fortunately not compelled to endure the terrible experiences of their fellow Christians in the north, marched grandly forth to meet an approaching army, engaged it in battle

at Newtown Butler, and routed the enemy, thus completely restoring Ulster to William Prince of Orange, who became King of England when James II. abandoned the throne and fled to France.

Another point worthy of mention is Carrickfergus Castle on the northern shore of Belfast Lough.



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

The castle still remains, and is one of the most complete specimens of Anglo-Norman fortresses in the United Kingdom. Its location gave it a commanding position, and being surrounded by water upon three sides it was almost impregnable. Here

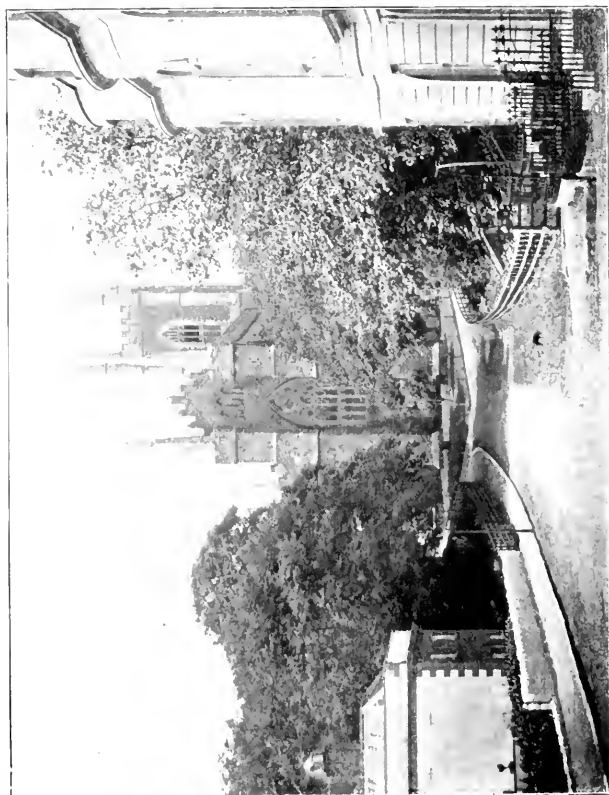
in 1315 a band of English took refuge from the army of Robert Bruce, and for months gallantly defended the castle against the Scots, being finally compelled, by starvation, to surrender. In the rebellion of 1641 it was the refuge of many Catholics, who were pursued with the utmost cruelty in the effort to more firmly establish Protestantism in the Province. A siege of eight days duration was required to capture the castle by an army of King William 15,000 strong, and over a century later, it was again captured and occupied for a few days by a band of French soldiers under Thurot, who came to the coast for the purpose of invading Ireland, but re-embarked, and were intercepted off the Isle of Man by three English ships commanded by Captain Elliott, and their vessels seized, Thurot himself being killed in the engagement.

Without referring at length to the almost endless military engagements which took place in every part of Ulster, enough has been narrated to show the intensity of the strife for supremacy between the adherents of the Protestant and Catholic churches in the centuries following the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. It is not strange that with such a history the Irish, as a race, should be somewhat intolerant of restraint and jealous to an unusual degree of their personal rights, as well as quick to defend their principles by their blood, if necessary. These traits are a heritage from the O'Neill's, the

O'Donnells, the McMahons, the Fitzgeralds and Fitzmaurices of the early days.

In connection with the strife for religious supremacy in Ireland, we should not omit some reference to St. Patrick, to whom belongs the credit of the introduction of Christianity into the country. No doubt there were Christians in Ireland before the time of St. Patrick, but in the entire annals of missionary labors in pagan lands there is no more wonderful story of heroic and successful religious conquest than the history of his mission to the land of his adoption. While there is some obscurity surrounding his early history, it is generally conceded that he was a native of Scotland, born near Dumbarton about A. D. 387, of Christian parentage. He is said to have been captured during one of the incursions of the Scots, (as the Irish were then called), into Scotland, carried back to the Slemish Mountain in County Antrim, where he remained for some years as a slave in the service of a farmer. During this period he learned the Irish language, and became a most fervent and devoted Christian. Finally, making his escape to his native country, he was educated in a monastic school, then found his way to Rome, and was granted the authority by Pope Celestine, to attempt the conversion of the Irish nation. He first landed in the south, but was promptly expelled, and finally began his work at Lecale in County Down, where his first converts were baptized. He seems

to have been, not only a man of conspicuous piety, but also of wonderful boldness, and possessed of a personal magnetism which was almost irresistible. Many times men, who had been commissioned to prevent him from prosecuting his mission, returned as converts to the new doctrine which he preached, and thus from place to place he traveled, founding churches which he left in charge of his disciples, until a greater part of the country had been won to the new faith. It is said that at a great meeting in Connaught, seven princes and twelve thousand people were converted and baptized.



DOWNPATRICK CATHEDRAL.—ST. PATRICK'S BURIAL PLACE.

St. Patrick founded the See of Armagh about A. D. 455. After a long life devoted to his mission, he died in County Down at the same spot where his first converts were baptized, and amid the lamentations of thousands of his loving disciples he was laid to rest at Downpatrick.

With such an origin, and such a career as his, which a thousand years have in no degree obscured, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm with which Catholics continue to venerate and almost worship the name of St. Patrick.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED BY ST. PATRICK—THE GREAT SCHOOL AT BANGOR—THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF THE PRESENT DAY—ANCIENT LITERATURE—THE BOOK OF KELLS AND THE BOOK OF ARMAGH—CELTIC CROSSES—ROUND TOWERS—MUSIC—THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

THE establishment of schools followed immediately upon the founding of the church, and great numbers of students attended them. One school at Bangor, in County Down, is said to have had 3,000 students, who were taught every branch of learning then known. In the centuries between the death of St. Patrick and the Danish invasion, these great monastic schools flourished unmolested, and Ireland became the intellectual leader of England and the continent of Europe. Then began the warfare which we have already mentioned, when the monasteries were destroyed and Ireland lost her intellectual supremacy. In the Ulster of to-day, however, we find great intellectual activity. There is a system of national primary schools of a fair grade, in which every child may obtain what we would call a common school education. These schools are practically free, and

it is reasonable to expect that the system will in time be perfected. The facilities for the education of the middle and upper classes are of a high grade and admirably sustained. In the city of Belfast there is an Academy founded in 1796; The Model School, Queen's College, with a library of 30,000 volumes, a museum and observatory; the Presbyterian College, founded in 1853; the Methodist College, with a theological department, and Campbell College, which was opened in 1892. Magee Presbyterian College is located at Londonderry. There is an observatory at Armagh instituted in 1791, which was endowed by Robinson, then Primate of Ireland. With such excellent educational facilities it is evident that the intellectual future of Ulster will be one of rapid and uninterrupted progress toward that commanding position in science, art and literature which once characterized the people of Ireland. There are numerous parochial schools connected with the Catholic parishes, but it is worthy of mention that all the higher institutions of learning are under the management of the different Protestant denominations. Unless the leaders of the Catholic church are willing to lose their remaining influence in Ulster, they must assume the same liberal attitude regarding education which other churches have done, for the day is past when ignorance or superstition can anywhere successfully oppose the great and irresistible forces of intel-

lectual development which college training insures.

It is impossible to separate the history of the literature of Ireland and that of the Province of Ulster. The schools which flourished after the death of St. Patrick, being connected with monasteries, as has been already stated, the literary productions handed down to us were chiefly the work of the teachers in those institutions. There are many manuscript volumes now preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, in the Royal Irish Academy, in the National Museum, Dublin, in the British Museum and at Oxford. Perhaps the most famous of them all are the "Book of Kells" and the "Book of Armagh," both of which are in Trinity College. They are beautifully written, the former being a Latin Copy in vellum of the four Gospels, and the latter in Latin also, with considerable old Irish interspersed, also contains the four Gospels and the life of St. Patrick, and a brief account in Latin by himself of his mission in Ireland. The Book of Armagh was completed A. D. 807.

Pen-work, of which these two books are beautiful specimens, was so perfect among the professional scribes of ancient Ireland as to deserve a place among the fine arts. Exquisite taste was displayed in design as well as in coloring, which is well preserved in these famous books even after the lapse of so many centuries. Metal work was brought to a high state of perfection in bronze, gold, silver and enamel, in-

teresting specimens of which are preserved in the National Museum in Dublin.



CELTIC CROSS AND ROUND TOWER, DEVENISH ISLAND.

The most noteworthy specimens of sculpture which remain are the Celtic crosses, forty-five of which are to be seen in various parts of Ireland. One of the most perfect of these is on Devenish Island in Lough Erne, and is of exquisite design and workmanship. Near the cross, stands the finest specimen of the round towers to be found in Ulster. You are doubtless aware of the many speculations regarding the origin of these round towers. They are known to be

of great antiquity, but it is now generally believed that they are of Christian origin. From their proximity to the ruins of old monasteries, it is probable that they were connected with them. They are from 13 to 20 feet in circumference at the base, from 60 to 150 feet high, with a single small doorway, and the first story is about 10 feet from the ground. Several stories above are each lighted by a single small window, so that they were well planned as places of refuge during the frequent attacks made upon the monasteries. Their strength as a defense has been attested by their survival of all the buildings of which they formed a part, and even though Dr. George Petrie and others have swept away the romance which imagination had woven about these monuments of antiquity, they will still continue to be of great interest to the student and antiquarian. Even if they were not built by the Druids, and the scenes of their weird ceremonies, would not the story of the escape of the persecuted monks to these havens of security, the futile assaults of the enemy, the probable suffering from hunger, thirst and fear, the petitions addressed to the Deity for safety, and the miraculous deliverance finally vouchsafed to them, be as thrilling as any romance the imagination could conceive or the pen portray?

The ancient Irish were lovers of music, and during the long period of their intellectual supremacy, instructors in music were often called from Ireland to Eng-

land and continental countries. Many of the ballads which have been preserved are very beautiful, but nearly all tinged with a strain of sadness, as all the songs of a people must be when war, famine and pestilence are the constant concomitants of national evolution. The harp was the favorite musical instrument, and as we read of the great skill of the harpists, and the exquisite harmonies which they evoked, we are reminded of Thomas Moore's lines as to its origin, with which you are doubtless familiar.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

"'Tis believed that the Harp which I wake now for thee,
 Was a siren of old, who sang under the sea ;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
 To meet on the green shore a youth that she loved.
 But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to the soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.
 Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
 While her sea beauties gracefully formed the light frame ;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.
 Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
 Till thou didst divide them and teach the fond lay
 To speak love when I'm near thee and grief when away."

To-day the harp and the minstrel have departed from Ireland like the Celtic language, the genius of which imparted to many of the old ballads the terseness of style for which they are remarkable.

CHAPTER V.

THE ULSTER PEOPLE OF THE PRESENT DAY—RELIGIOUS SECTS—THE OLD DUBLIN PARLIAMENTS—BENEFITS FROM THE UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN—COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT—FORMER OPPRESSION OF IRISH INDUSTRIES—THE LAND QUESTION.

IN all that has been said of the physical characters of Ulster, of the primeval races, the invasions and contentions that followed, the ancient literature, art and song, we may find an index of the character of the "men of Ulster" as they are to-day, of their present achievements, and the rich promises for the future. The composite race possesses many advantages, as every student of social evolution has noted. This is well marked in the people of Ulster, where a mingling of the old Celtic blood with that which came through the Danish and the Anglo-Norman invasions, has left its impress, and we find a race of sturdy physique far excelling in enterprise the inhabitants of the other provinces, which received comparatively few English and Scotch settlers. As they fought

for the establishment of their religion in Ulster, so they have been compelled to defend it, and this devotion to the church is a marked characteristic, whether that church be the Irish church (disestablished since 1871) or the Presbyterian, Methodist or Roman Catholic. About 60 per cent. of the population are Protestants of various creeds, one-half of whom are Presbyterians, and one-third Episcopalians. As these Protestants were loyal to William of Orange in the early days, so have they been loyal to the government at Westminster all through the interminable agitation for home rule in Ireland, as the entire civilized world knows, for they have not hesitated to express their views on this great question with as much freedom as Daniel O'Connell ever advocated religious liberty for his own people.

It may be proper, before proceeding, to briefly refer to some phases of the effort to secure an Irish Parliament. You may remember that the present union of the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland went into effect January 1st, 1801, when William Pitt was Prime Minister. Preceding that period there had been a Dublin parliament, and various other so-called parliaments, which had never in the least degree succeeded in administering the functions of a general government in a way to secure the peace and prosperity of the entire people. It cannot be denied that English authority had been often rendered

odious by its injustice and inefficiency, but Ireland was a turbulent territory, and had not yet reached the point when *any* authority would have been universally respected, which was some possible justification for the cruel treatment often accorded to the Irish. O'Connell and Grattan succeeded in securing such a modification of the terms of the union as to grant a degree of religious liberty to all denominations, and as we follow the *actual results* of legislation, we find there has been steady progress toward equality of privilege in the three Kingdoms. Extensive improvements have been made by the government, harbors have been improved, great highways constructed, railroads built—in fact, more done for Ireland than for Scotland, or almost any portion of England itself. It is a surprise to the visitor to see piers at insignificant seaports like Ardglass, in County Down, for example, that many of our largest cities might almost covet. There is no such substantial pier in the United States as the one at Kingstown, the seaport of Dublin. Notwithstanding all these things, every portion of Ireland, except Ulster, has continued to pray for itself as a miserable and distracted country, while with all its natural advantages and a modicum of nineteenth century energy and progress, it could be made one of the gardens of the world. I am free to confess that upon my first visit to Ireland thirteen years ago, Home Rule seemed to be the ideal solution of the

question of the government of that island, for you know an American is naturally a home ruler, or thinks he is. Upon closer observation, however, it became evident that if Ulster could build up a great city like Belfast, establish schools and colleges, build churches, extend her commerce, and her people dwell in contentment and peace, under the same laws which governed the other provinces, *they also* could thrive under the government at Westminster, if they made the same effort to help themselves, which every prosperous community is obliged to make, or fail in the race.

The principal causes of complaint against the English government have been the following:

(1) The discrimination in favor of the Church of England, and the efforts to proscribe Catholics and Dissenters from all the privileges enjoyed by other subjects of the crown. This, as has been already shown, has been gradually remedied from the first victory of O'Connell to the present time, when all disabilities are removed and freedom of worship is as secure in Ulster, if not in other provinces, as it is in New York.

The loyalists of Ulster have a firm belief (which seems to me unwarranted) that with the establishment of a Dublin parliament, they being so largely in the minority, would be subjected to a religious persecution against which there would be no means of relief; that the Catholic population in full control,

would deprive the minority of the same rights and privileges which they have demanded for themselves, and in a measure re-enact the barbaric coercion of the days of Cromwell. A complete reply to all this distrust, is the mere statement that we are at the end of the nineteenth century instead of its beginning, that Ireland is not Armenia, and that the destruction of churches, monasteries and convents will never again be recorded in the annals of the United Kingdom. The spirit of liberty has so far permeated the foremost nations of the civilized world that no man's conscience can be enchained, or his religious convictions successfully attacked by State authority.

The people of Ulster are right and will be sustained in their position of religious independence. They are mistaken in believing that their neighbors in the south would abuse that same freedom if the opportunity were afforded by an Irish parliament.

(2) It is considered an offence that the Lord Lieutenant is usually an Englishman. This objection is merely a sentiment, and it never seems to have occurred to the party of agitators in Ireland that so long as an active hostility to the government is openly advocated, there is no possibility of the administration of the government being entrusted to a man of their own choice. English Prime Ministers have made some blunders, and yet they have never been guilty of such sublime idiocy as the appoint-

ment of an open enemy to a position of exalted responsibility.

(3) It is claimed that England, in her legislation, has discriminated against the industrial interests of Ireland. A brief note from history reveals the fact that in 1633 the woolen trade was practically destroyed by Lord Wentworth, then viceroy to Ireland, because it was believed to interfere with the English manufacturers. As a partial compensation, however, he introduced the cultivation of flax, and encouraged the manufacture of linen, which has been the chief source of the great prosperity of modern Ulster. In 1660 the so-called English Navigation Act became a law, which prohibited all export from Ireland to the colonies, even the shipping of cattle to England. After thirty-eight years, the raising of sheep being favored by the soil and climate of Ireland, the manufacture of woolen goods had again revived to some degree, smugglers taking the goods to France and other foreign markets, when by the sanction of King William, an export tax of four shillings a pound was levied upon fine woolens and 2 shillings a pound upon frieze and flannel. Export was allowed to only four or five ports on the west coast of England, and from only six Irish ports. This finally completed the destruction of the woolen industry and even to this day it has never been re-established. From this period until 1779, when these outrageous restrictions were removed, nearly every

manufacture, including beer, malt, hats, cotton, silk, gunpowder, iron and ironware, was hampered by similar fatal restrictions. Before legislative relief was obtained, distress, famine and emigration had so desolated Ireland that recovery was impossible. Ulster only escaped the same desolation because the linen industry was not thought to interfere with the interests of the English manufacturers.

Some strange remnants of this industrial oppression still survive. A mountain stream capable of supplying mill power, was pointed out to me a few years ago in County Down, on the banks of which the owner of the land proposed to erect a mill. He was obliged to ask for a permit from the government at London. Permission was refused and the project consequently abandoned. Many Ulster farmers to-day complain bitterly of the government for allowing the importation of American beef and cattle into the United Kingdom free of duty, which they claim has subjected them to a ruinous competition and is destroying that industry. The English farmers join in this complaint, however, and it is not for us to discuss any phase of the free trade problem in this paper. It is evident that the Irish have suffered incomparable injustice in these commercial and industrial relations, from the English parliament, and it is equally true that when just dealing was finally accorded, the relief came too late to preserve even a remnant of

the old prosperity, and the present development of the island is like that of a new colony.

(4) The dealing with the land question has never been satisfactory to the Irish tenantry. The status of this question in both Ireland and Great Britain could never prove acceptable to us in America. We cannot imagine the building of the great commercial houses in our cities, for example, upon ground leased from the owner at an annual rental, with the possibility of some future forfeiture of all the improvements to an obdurate landlord. When this system is brought down to the holdings of the small farmers, where a failure of the potato crop or the death of a cow or horse, may result in the tenants eviction for non-payment of rent, it very soon becomes an almost intolerable condition of affairs. This can be more readily appreciated when we consider that in Ulster, the most prosperous of all the provinces, there are about three thousand farms, so called, less than ten acres in extent, 4,500 of over ten acres and under fifty, and 1,500 between fifty and under one hundred acres. Then we find the great land owners, who are mostly non-residents, with estates containing from 10,000 to 122,000 acres. Their estates being in the hands of an agent, it is reasonable to suppose that real oppression may often be the lot of the unfortunate tenants.

Riots and assassination of agents cannot improve this state of things, neither can wholesale eviction,

or in fact any remedy which has yet been proposed.

I freely confess to seeing little but a huge and almost inextricable maze of difficulties surrounding the entire land question. The best statesmen of Great Britain have studied and are still striving, honestly and consistently, to solve the problem. Can an Irish parliament succeed any better? There is no reason to believe it could do as well, judging from the history of the Land League and other organizations which have been the outgrowth of this protracted controversy.

The system, being an outgrowth of ages cannot be immediately changed, but only by long, painstaking and patient effort on the part of all concerned. The Home Rule agitation of late years has apparently complicated matters, by fostering hopes in the poor tenants which cannot be realized in this generation at least. The result seems to have been to encourage idleness, an increased disregard of vested rights, and a growing discontent without any means of relief.

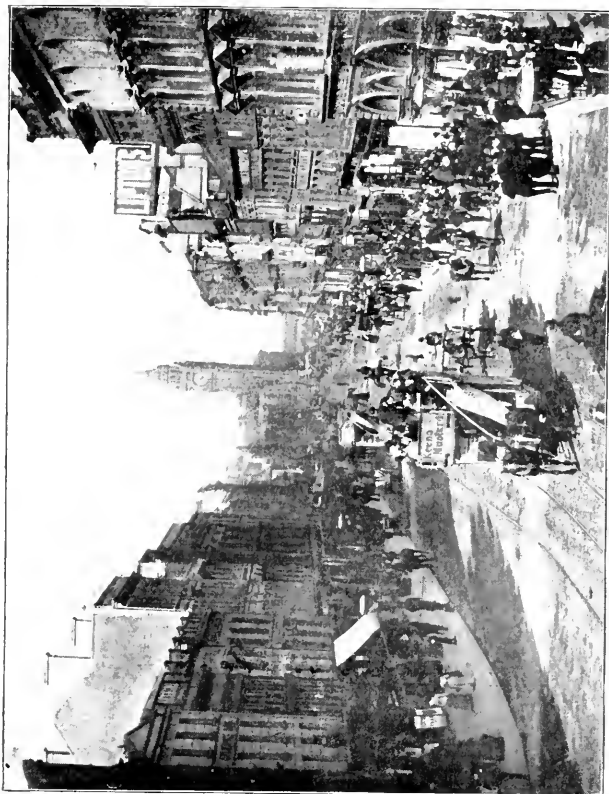
CHAPTER VI.

ULSTER HAS INDICATED THE ONLY SOLUTION OF THE IRISH QUESTION—THE IMPERIAL CITY OF BELFAST—THE ENTERPRISE AND THRIFT OF HER PEOPLE—THE UNIONIST'S ATTITUDE TOWARD MR. GLADSTONE.

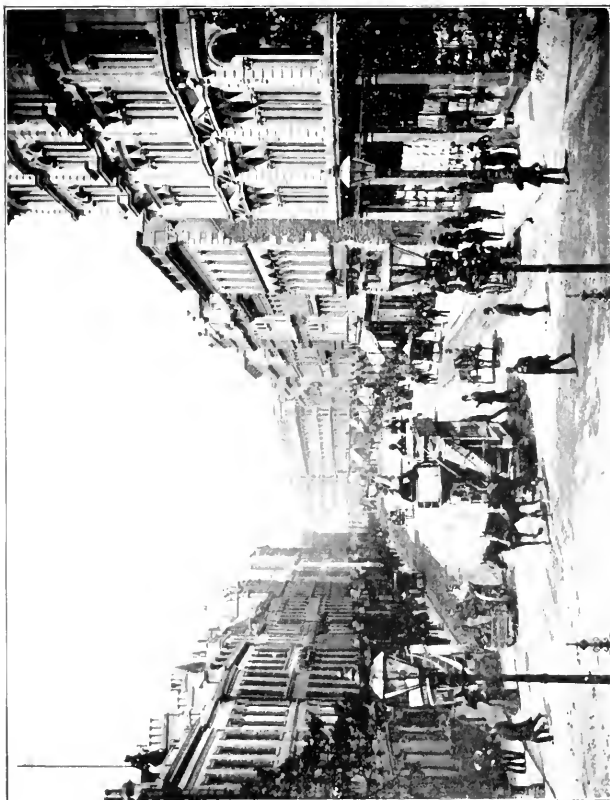
THE people of Ulster alone have perhaps unconsciously, demonstrated the only practical solution of the Irish question. They have recognized the fact that to be an integral part of a great empire, which in many respects is the best government in the world to-day, not even excepting our own republic, is an inestimable advantage to all the material interests of Ireland. Ireland free and independent would mean Ireland *poor, defenseless against invasion, and without national alliances or affiliations*. In the disruption of the three kingdoms would disappear the only source of stability which has characterized Irish institutions during the century now closing. The men of Ulster have realized that from a vigorous central power must come the correction of the anomalies and perhaps unjust social and political systems which still remain, and, by their steadfast loyalty to the Queen's government, have merited and are beginning to receive the rich rewards which

such allegiance deserves. Those rewards are apparent to the most casual observer. In every part of the province new lines of railway are opening up the great natural resources of the country, new villages are being developed, industries revived, and an activity unknown to other portions of Ireland is noted in every direction. Commerce is developing by sea as well as by land, and even the farmers are becoming animated with the new spirit of progress and are becoming better provided with the necessities and even the luxuries of life. The wonderful natural beauties of the district are attracting tourists, who find in the bracing climate and historic associations a new delight, and this will ultimately aid in attracting the capital which is still greatly needed.

The highest development of the new order is found in the imperial city of Belfast. Situated as it is, where the river Lagan empties into Belfast Lough, which by governmental assistance has been made a harbor of unsurpassed excellence, it has attracted the great shipbuilding interests, the enormous linen trade of the world and the most energetic and sturdy population to be found in any city of its size in Europe. It has lately become a larger city than Dublin and is becoming a formidable rival of Liverpool and Glasgow. There are streets in Belfast which would do credit to the metropolis of Great Britain, or the finest city of the continent. It is supplying employment to vast numbers of people from the



HIGH STREET—BELFAST.

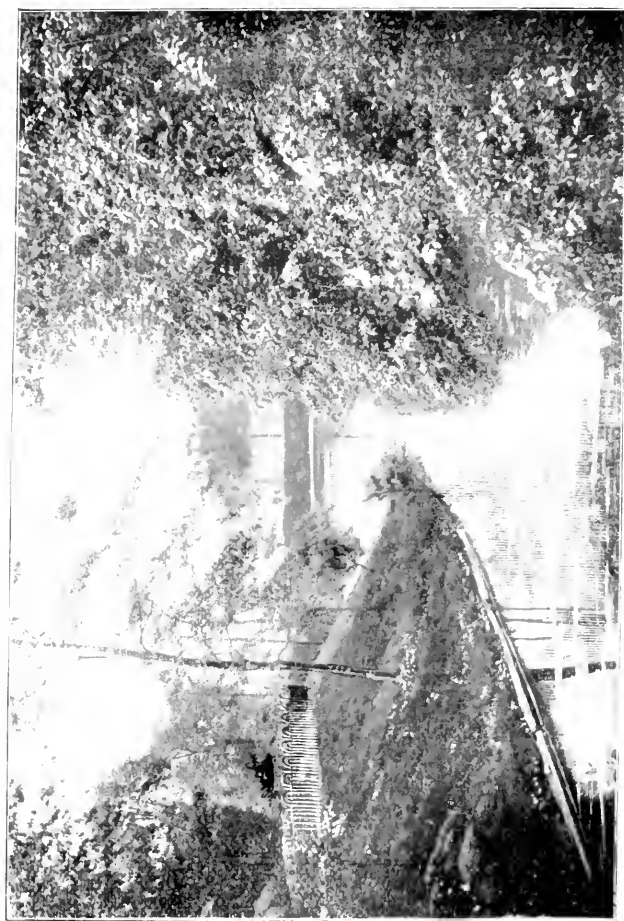


DONEGALL PLACE - BELFAST.

rural districts, thus favoring consolidation of the small farms into more profitable form. A single factory, the York Street Spinning Mill, employs nearly 4,000 hands. All the educational institutions, churches, public charities, commercial and financial establishments are well sustained. The houses of the people are the abodes of contentment and thrift, and there is a growing community of interest in this capital of Ulster, which gives great promise for the future.

The suburban districts have kept pace with the city and are filled with the palatial residences of the wealthy and refined who are the dominant element in all that tends to the highest development in the intellectual and social progress of the municipality. All this, as I have said before, has been accomplished under the same political policy which has governed the other provinces of Ireland, and with the same natural resources and advantages. Is it strange that Ulster is contented with the present order of things, and is ready to fight for it, if necessary?

If I were asked to name the causes which have distinguished Ulster from the other three provinces I would reply, (1) industry, (2) intelligence, (3) enterprise and a patriotism which is untainted by political intrigue. These elemental forces have all combined to place Belfast and the entire north of Ireland in a commanding position, just as the same forces were responsible for the influence of the early New England colonies, which has extended to the



ALEXANDRA PARK — BELFAST.

very boundaries of this western continent, and has given our American people all that is noblest and best in our national life. In the same way is the spirit of Ulster destined to extend far beyond its borders until all Ireland shall become a garden of industry, a vigorous and progressive state in which all the social and political maladies of this generation will finally be overcome and forgotten. Such progress as we find in Ulster is infectious, all pervading and irresistible, while continuous political agitation, whatever may be its ultimate object, is demoralizing, and the energy thus exerted, if employed in the development of the industrial interests of the country, would yield a degree of contentment to the people which no amount of legislation, however good, could ever produce.

The history of modern Ulster would not be complete without some reference to the Right Honorable Wm. E. Gladstone, who has occupied so conspicuous a position in English and Irish politics during the past generation. It was my privilege to see him in 1882 when he had reached the acme of his great career, and was the honored leader of the House of Commons, ably seconded by that grand champion of freedom and friend of America, the Honorable John Bright. No period in English parliamentary history since the days of Pitt, was more conspicuous for able leadership and eloquent advocacy of the claims of the common people. But



MR. GLADSTONE.

the dis-establishment of the church of Ireland had already caused some degree of distrust of the great prime minister, in the minds of the protestants of Ulster. Then came the gradual tendency toward the movement for an independent government for Ireland, ending in a complete surrender to Parnell and his followers, which resulted, as you remember, in the return of the conservatives to full governmental control. No argument can ever convince the Unionists of Ulster that Mr. Gladstone was influenced by worthy and patriotic impulses during this alliance. Their denunciation of his course was, and continues to be, characterized by intense bitterness, traitor and miscreant sufficing simply because no more emphatic epithets could be found to apply to him. They say it was a last despairing effort to save his government by an unholy alliance, which he knew to be contrary to the best interests of the country. I cannot sympathize with this opinion. If he adopted a policy which ended in defeat, he was honest in his convictions, even though he may have been mistaken, and now in his peaceful retirement he retains a measure of confidence, esteem and admiration which few statesmen have enjoyed in any age or country. If I mistake not, when the strifes and hostilities of this conflict are forgotten, the name of the grand old man of Hawarden Castle will be enrolled, without a dissenting voice, among the greatest and best of those who have devoted their lives to the service of their country.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM BELFAST TO BANGOR—THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR—HELEN'S TOWER—THE EASTERN COAST—ACROSS COUNTRY TO BELLEEK AND BALLYSHANNON—OUR ULSTER FRIENDS—"ERIN O'H ERIN."

WE have thus briefly referred to the ancient and modern Province of Ulster, and the position which her physical, intellectual and moral characteristics have secured, and her hopes for the future. Before leaving this historic country the visitor may find many points of interest besides those already mentioned.

On a fine summer morning, if we take a steamer down Belfast Lough to Bangor, passing the great ship yards, where many of the famous Atlantic liners have been built, with the green hills of County Down on the one hand, and the lofty range, of which Cave Hill is the most conspicuous feature, on the other, the railways on either shore, the delightful drives, beautiful gardens and lawns, the rich foliage and all the activity of this busy seaport town, the traveler is at once delighted and inspired by the scene. Arriving at Bangor, which is built upon the rocky cliffs forming the northern extremity of County

Down, a ride of five miles on a jaunting car to Helen's Tower, in the midst of the demesne of the Marquis of Dufferin, is a pleasing excursion. Besides to a foreigner that jaunting car is a mystery and



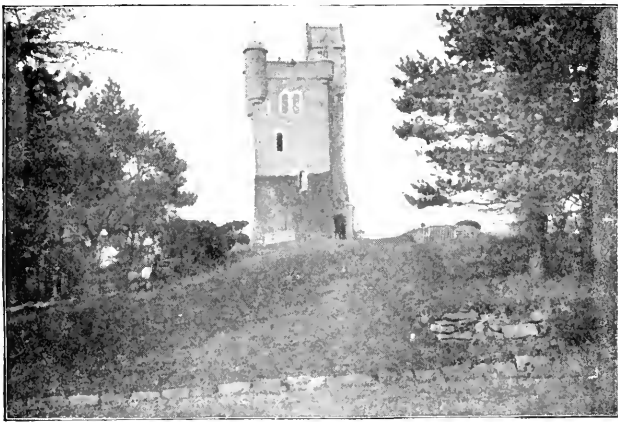
JAUNTING CAR.

a surprise, as well as a distinctively national affair. It flourishes nowhere else on the earth.

Whenever it has been transplanted to other countries it has always met the fate of any other delicate exotic. I have been unable to find any ancient or modern history of its introduction into the country, or of its sporadic origin, I was going to add to its evolution, but really believe it had no evolution, but that the Irish jaunting car is to-day

just what it was in the beginning and will continue to be until the end, for it is not likely that any St. Patrick will arise to banish it from the Emerald Isle, as tradition informs us the snakes were cast out. In fact, it is a real part of the country. No adequate description of it has ever been written and I shall doubtless utterly fail in the attempt. A one-horse vehicle with two small wheels, a longitudinal seat for two on either side, with a swinging foot-rest hanging over the wheels which is too narrow for an ordinary foot. At every turn of the road the passenger, unless he be a native, is liable to land upon his face on the pavement. Overcome with fear and real distress, he wears the very features of a condemned criminal bound for the scaffold. There being heavy falls of rain nearly every day, this indigenous instrument of torture has of course no cover. Between the two seats is a deep trough called a well, and when this becomes full of water the result is extremely disquieting. If the passenger clutch an umbrella, the drainage therefrom never fails to find the neck of his fellow passenger on the opposite side and quenches for the present every incentive to religious meditation. And yet every Irish born individual can safely ride upon these cars as soon as he leaves his infantile cradle, and reveres the thing as he does the shamrock or the memory of a saint. The driver sits perched on a throne between the two seats,

drives like Tam O'Shanter fleeing from the witches, and with a beaming face will accept as large a tip as a New York cabman. It is not remarkable that poets have sung of this jaunting car, for did not Burns write an address to the de'il? The car would be as much out of place in America as a cannon in a parlor, to borrow one of Emerson's comparisons, and yet Ireland without it would not be Ireland at all.



HELEN'S TOWER.

Helen's Tower stands upon a hill, and from its lofty summit a panorama of unsurpassed beauty greets the eye. The distant city, Belfast Lough, the open sea beyond, the north channel to the eastward, the distant shores of Scotland with Strangford Lough

and the Mourne mountains away to the south, are the most striking features. The tower was erected by the Marquis of Dufferin in commemoration of his mother, and is a token of filial affection which is as beautiful as it is rare in Ireland or any other country.

Another journey by car from Newcastle at the foot of Slieve Donard, the loftiest mountain in Ulster



SALMON LEAP—BALLYSHANNON.

(2,796 feet) to Rostrevor and Warrenpoint, rivals the route on the north coast from the Giant's Causeway to Larne. At some of the highest points on the shore,

when the atmosphere is favorable, the Isle of Man can be seen twenty miles away. If we go across the country to the west coast, for a part of the journey following Lough Erne already referred to, through Belleek, renowned for its pottery, by Ballyshannon with its famous salmon fisheries, to Bundoran, perched upon the rugged cliffs, which render that entire coast especially attractive, then returning through the rich farming district of County Tyrone and Antrim, we have throughout the entire journey to and from Belfast been most firmly impressed with the immeasurable possibilities of this province.

It may be said that I am an enthusiast on this subject, and it cannot be denied. There are abundant reasons for such enthusiasm. Ulster is an admirable place for recreation after the strife and turmoil of life in a great metropolitan city. All my prejudices, due to ignorance of the country and her people, have disappeared after repeated visits, during which the green hills, mountains and lakes have become as familiar to me as the home of my childhood, and like the form and features of tried and true friends, the recollection of them gladdens many an hour in the midst of exacting duties. The friends I have found among the genial, refined and hospitable inhabitants of Ulster hold fast my respect and esteem to a greater degree than those of any other country among the many I have visited.

In the light of experience and a study of the present condition of Ulster I am impelled to quote again from Thomas Moore, whose genius has served in so large a degree to immortalize the history and romance of the land of his nativity.

* * * * *

ERIN, OH ERIN.

“ Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare’s holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,

Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.

Erin, oh Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set ;

And though slavery’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

Erin, oh Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchilled by the rains and unwaked by the winds
The lily lies sleeping through winter’s cold hour,

Till Spring’s light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.”

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